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A. M. AND C. N. WILLIAMSON

# GRAFT

## SYNOPSIS.

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney, because of his fight on the vice and liquor trusts, is killed by an agent of a secret society, the committee of fifteen. The fight is continued by his son, Bruce, who is elected district attorney, and by another son, Tom. Bruce is in love with Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is head of the insurance trust.

## ELEVENTH EPISODE

### "The Bucket Shops"

Suggested by C. H. and A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Love Pirate," "The Princess Passes"

IT was nearing 1 o'clock and the editorial rooms of the Independent had taken on their customary daily bustle and activity. Editors, reporters and office boys elbowed and jostled each other in their hurry to get things "under way." Jack Stevens, the city editor, had already made up his assignment sheet and was engaged in conversation with his friend Bruce Larnigan, who had dropped in.

"Of all the forms of graft," said Larnigan, "the one I most detest is the gambling halls for women, which are better known as 'bucket shops.'"

"The city is honeycombed with them," continued Larnigan, "and I am convinced from the uniform manner in which they are all conducted that they are operated by a syndicate with one common head."

"Well, as to the last part of your statement I agree with you," added Stevens, "but it strikes me it will prove more than an ordinary reporter's job to get anything on these vultures. Now, if we could only get hold of some one who has been the victim of their greed we might have some line to start on."

"We'll need no victim. I have the very person who can give us the information we want," broke in Larnigan. "It's Kitty Richmond, and if you'll let me use that phone for about five minutes I'll get enough to start things a-buzzing."

Larnigan was soon talking to Miss Richmond, who on several occasions had done some very clever amateur detective work and whose father had been a member of the graft trust.

After less than five minutes' conversation Larnigan hung up the receiver and turned to Stevens with a cheery smile as he said:

"Well, I've got the dope all right. 'The dickens you say,' said Stevens in delightful astonishment.

"Yes, and got it right," continued Larnigan. "The head of this graft is a man by the name of Rupert Kruger Hall, prominent banker and broker."

Stevens whistled his surprise, for the man was well known to him.

"This man Hall," continued Larnigan, "is supposed to be very wealthy and highly respectable. This much is in our favor, as he will never suspect that there is any suspicion directed toward him. We must keep a shadow on him day and night and discover what connections he makes and run them down."

With a few more words as to using extraordinary caution Larnigan bade farewell to Stevens and hurried from the office.

Reaching the street, Larnigan hailed the first taxi and was soon being driven at good speed to the "street," as the financial district is known.

His knowledge of financial speculation and the district told him that Hall had never been seen about any of the places he had in mind and that accordingly the man must transact his business in secret from his residence.

Two hours later Bruce Larnigan found himself in possession of a group of facts which seemed to prove this theory, and he had learned also that Hall, who occupied a pretentious residence on Riverside drive, was leaving the city late that night after a fashionable theater party which he and his young wife were giving.

When Bruce left the financial district his plans for the evening were definitely made. He would visit the Hall residence in the absence of the owner and if necessary obtain a burglarious entrance in search of the evidence.

Had Larnigan been able to witness a scene even then transpiring in the handsomely appointed library of the house of Rupert Hall perhaps he might have changed his plans for the evening. Hall was pacing moodily up and down the floor. In his hand he held an anonymous note. It read:

Watch your wife and Justin Thompson, the district attorney. They are in love with each other and think that you are blind.

A FRIEND.

Hall ceased his restless pacing with a muttered curse and slipped the crumpled note into his pocket. There was a light step outside the door and a young and beautiful woman in a ravishing evening costume entered the room. It was his wife.

She watched him with a little frown.

"It is too bad you have to leave town, Rupert. Can't you postpone your trip?" Hall shook his head. "Impossible," he answered gruffly.

He followed her into the dining room, where the two partook of a silent dinner. There was a ring at the bell before they had finished, and the butler announced "Mr. Thompson." A moment later the district attorney, a dark, handsome man of middle age, followed the servant, shook Hall's hand and bowed over that of Mrs. Hall. The master of the house watched the two sullenly as he thought of the contents of the anonymous note.

"Sorry to have to leave you two," he jerked out suddenly. "And it is mighty good of you, Thompson, to consent to act as my wife's escort this evening while I am gone." He kissed his wife lightly, nodded to the district attorney and swung out of the house. Hardly had the door closed behind him when Mrs. Hall threw herself into the arms of Justin Thompson.

"Must we go to the theater, Justin?" she asked.

The man stroked her hair. "Not if you don't wish it, darling. We can have a quiet evening here." The two wandered into the library.

Two hours elapsed. The great house had settled down to a shadowy silence. Mrs. Hall and Justin Thompson had drawn their chairs close to an open fireplace. The servants had retired to an upper floor, and the couple were apparently absolutely alone. Suddenly Thompson leaned forward, listening intently. Then, with a motion to the woman at his side, he rose softly and peered through the draperies into the other room. Before the private safe of Hall a masked man was crouching.

Thompson's self control was remarkable. He grasped a heavy cane in the corner. Three swift, catlike steps and the next second the cane descended with brutal force, and the figure of the intruder crumpled on to the floor. The mask slipping from the features. Although Thompson did not recognize the features, they were those of Bruce Larnigan! Besides, the district attorney was given no time for speculation. At almost the same instant as his blow Mrs. Hall pulled aside the draperies. With a scream at the sight which met her startled eyes, she sprang into the room just as the hall door was jerked open and another actor appeared as part of the strange drama. It was her husband.

"I thought so!" snapped Rupert Hall. And then without a word his hand flashed back to his pocket and he was covering Thompson with a revolver. Swiftly the district attorney bounded forward, his hand gripping Hall's arm just in time to deflect the course of a bullet. For a moment the two men struggled, and then there was a second report, and Hall sank to the floor without a word. Thompson stooped swiftly over him. Hall was dead!

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" moaned Mrs. Hall, dropping limp into a chair. "Justin, you have killed him!"

"It was his life or mine," said Thompson curtly. He glanced swiftly about him. No one realized better than he the disastrous results if the true facts of the tragedy should be exposed. Without further ceremony he stooped down, altered the position of Hall's body and then bent over the unconscious figure of Bruce Larnigan. When he straightened the smoking revolver which had done Hall to death was clutched in Larnigan's fingers.

Thompson glanced down with a mocking smile about his thin lips.

"You go up to your room," he directed the sobbing woman at his side. "In a few minutes you are to rush downstairs, discover the tragedy and notify the police. They will think that Hall was shot by a burglar."



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He caught the woman in his arms, saw her stagger toward the doorway and then, turning off the light, made his way to the front door and out into the street.

When the police arrived Bruce Larnigan was still insensible, but beginning to struggle slowly and incoherently back to consciousness. It was plain to the authorities that he had been dealt a violent blow. But at whose hands? If he had shot Hall before he himself had been attacked there must have been more than two persons present at the time. Mrs. Hall was hysterical and in the hands of a physician and trained nurse. She could supply no information, and the frightened servants could tell even less.

When the coroner arrived a policeman took possession of Bruce Larnigan, who was still dazed, and the young man was hurried to a police hospital.

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The next morning newspapers shrieked scare headlines at the crowds of early risers and displayed the grisly accounts of the tragedy in heavy type. The prisoner had recovered consciousness and had been identified as Bruce Larnigan. Further than giving his name he had resolutely refused to commit himself. His friends of the Independent, including Jack Stevens, had been summoned, and the next issue of the Independent was expected to contain some sensational details.

Contrary to general opinion, however, when the afternoon edition of the newspaper did appear, there was little or no comment in reference to the case.



The Young Man Was Hurried to a Police Hospital.

beyond the bare outlines of events as given by the police, and so the case dragged on until the day arrived for the trial.

The case was placed in the hands of District Attorney Thompson for the state. He said he was certain of a quick verdict and one which would establish beyond doubt that Hall had met his death at the hands of Bruce Larnigan while the latter was trying to burglarize the house.

Friends of Bruce kept strangely and persistently silent. However, had the movements of Jack Stevens been chronicled in the public press there is no doubt as to the interest which they'd arouse from the man in the street.

"Don't worry, old pal!" Stevens had said on a visit to the cell as Bruce glanced up wearily. "We'll have you out of this with flying colors or my name isn't Stevens!"

A crowd packed the courtroom when the trial opened.

The witnesses for the state were called in quick, steady succession and gave the conventional evidence as to the finding of the body, the discovery of the crime and such other details.

It was not until the second day of the trial and the witnesses in rebuttal, summoned by the defense, were placed on the stand that the interest in the case reached fever heat.

The monotone of the court crier called the name of a very prominent physician, a Dr. Jordan.

He quickly took the stand.

"I have made some interesting experiments in connection with this case," Dr. Jordan began. "It is an established scientific fact, your honor, that in cases of violent death the pupil of the victim's eye very often retains a photographic impression of the assailant. I have made certain plates of the retina of Rupert Hall's eyes, and they have been developed with marvelous results." He produced some photographic prints. Counsel for Bruce Larnigan accepted them and addressed the court.

"If you will allow us to call Mrs. Hall to the stand for a moment I fancy that she will be able to identify these pictures."

The judge nodded, and a few moments later the black robed figure of the dead man's widow was led to the stand. The lawyer without preamble extended the prints which he held.

"Do you recognize these, madam?"

Mrs. Hall hesitated, and her face paled. With a scream she sprang to her feet as the district attorney rushed to catch her fainting form. The next second he likewise crumpled into a chair, for the fear distorted face staring at him from the wierd pictures of the dead man's eyes was his own. The evidence from beyond the grave, the evidence on which he had never reckoned, was shrieking out his guilt.

An hour later Bruce Larnigan, again a free man, stepped from the forbidding building with Jack Stevens at his side.

"What will be the next?" the former asked wearily as the two climbed into the car.

[Episode No. 12 Next Week.]

Moving Pictures at the Rex Theatre

## Woman in the New Country Life

In the more intelligent scheme of the new country life, the economic position of woman is likely to be one of high importance. She enters very largely into all three parts of our program—better farming, better business, better living. In the development of higher farming, for instance, she is better fitted than the more muscular but less patient animal, man to carry on with care that work of milk records, egg records, etc., which underlies the selection of scientific lines of the more productive strains of cattle and poultry. And this kind of work is wanted in the study not only of animal but also of plant life.

Again, in the sphere of better business the housekeeping faculty of woman is an important asset, since a good system of farm accounts is one of the most valuable aids to successful farming. But it is, of course, in the third part of the program—better living—that woman's greatest opportunity lies. The woman makes the home life of the nation. But she desires also social life, and where she has the chance she develops it. Here it is that the establishment of the cooperative society, or union, gives an opening and a range of conditions in which the social usefulness of woman makes itself quickly felt. I do not think that I am laying too much stress on this matter, because of the pleasures, the interests and the duties of society, properly so called—that is the state living on friendly terms with our neighbors—are always more central and important in the life of a woman than a man. The man needs them, too, for without them he becomes a mere machine for making money, but the woman, deprived of them, tends to become a mere drudge. The new rural society economy (which implies a denser population occupying smaller holdings) must therefore include a generous provision for all those forms of social intercourse which specially appeal to women. The women's sections of the granges have done a great deal of useful work in this direction; we need a more general and complete application of the principles on which they act.—Sir Horace Plunket, in Utah Farmer.

## AFTER LAGRIFFE—WHAT?

F. C. Prevo, Bedford, Ind., writes: "An attack of lagrippe left me with a severe cough. I tried everything. I got so thin it looked as if I never would get well. Finally, two bottles of Foley's Honey and Tar cured me. I am now well and back to my normal weight." A reliable remedy for coughs, colds, croup. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## PRINCESS TSIANINA REDFEATHER

Princess Tsianina Redfeather, the young Indian soprano who will be heard here as the next event under Fred C. Graham's management with the composer pianist, Charles Wakefield Cadman in his American Indian Music Talk, is perhaps the only daughter of her race among those who have left the reservation life to mingle with the whites, who still

clings to the tradition dress. She invariably wears a dress of beaded leather, moccasins and a beaded band about her head with a red feather standing proudly upright at the back. In cold weather she adds beaded leggings and a blanket cape to her costume. Her loyalty to the dress of her ancestors is due, primarily to the expressed wish of her mother, now dead. This mother, noting the unusual beauty of her little Tsianina (this means Wild Flower), begged her to always retain the individuality of her race in the matter of dress. Never, save for the few years when she attended the government mission school, and was obliged to adopt the uniform there prescribed, has Princess Tsianina abandoned her Indian garb. She fashions her dresses from sheep skin with her own hands, and works designs in colored beads for their adornment.

The changing styles which her white sisters frantically try to follow worry this beautiful Indian girl not a bit. Her frocks of last season are less useful than those of this only in the degree that they are worn thru service. And when her "hat" becomes shabby, she has only to purchase a new red quill feather and stick it in her beaded head band. Far from envying her pale faced sisters their every varying adornment.

Princess Tsianina frankly says she considers most of the fashions ridiculous, and thanks her lucky stars that she has no need to become one of the fashion mad crowd. The dusky Princess usually chooses skins of brown and dark red for her "every day" dresses, and her evening dresses are of pure white, trimmed with multi-colored beads.

Like all Indians, she is very fond of jewelry, and she wears quantities of beads about her neck, bracelets of hammered silver, and numerous rings.

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